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Congo News Letter

Moanza Number

APRIL 1950

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Vol. XLI APRIL 1950 No. 2

MOANZA LOG

JAN. 20, 1906—	Samuel Mpambu of Kingoyi (Lukunga, Banza Manteke field) baptized by Tata Moody.
JULY 7, 1913—	Mpambu marries Lena Basebisa and
JULY 8, 1913—	starts for Moanza.
JULY 9, 1913—	He becomes ill and must return to Lukunga where "Mama Hill" nurses him.
AUG. 1, 1913—	Mpambu starts out again. He waits three weeks at Léopoldville and again three weeks at Dima for transportation, and
OCT. 3, 1913—	reaches Moanza.
JAN. 1915—	Mpambu's wife baptized.
JAN. 1915—	Catholic Mission Station at Kimbau, on the Inzia River, built.
JUNE 20, 1917—	First converts were baptized.
JUNE 21, 1917—	Moanza Church organized with six members at Communion.
FEB. 15, 1920—	Offerings for 18 months reported to be 131.50 francs; 18 villages occupied; 400 children in village schools.
JULY 21, 1924—	Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hill, first white missionaries, come to Moanza.
NOV. 28, 1925—	May 1926–Mr. and Mrs. A. Wakeman come to Moanza.
JAN. 1926—	The Hills sail to America for furlough. Samuel Mfuta, personal "boy" of Wakemans stays at Moanza and teaches in the school.
1927—	The Hills return from furlough.
DEC. 1928—	Samuel Mfuta marries Malata Ntsungi.
JUNE 1929—	Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Bubeck and Agnes Anderson arrive.
APR. 4, 1931—	The Hills leave for furlough and retirement.

JUNE 28, 1931— Mr. and Mrs. H. Sodergren arrive at Moanza, coming by truck to Kikweta, a day's distance from Moanza.

JULY 1932— Ruth Dickey comes from Sona Bata to take over the school.

FEB. 8, 1932— Mrs. Thomas Hill passes on to her heavenly home.

MARCH 5, 1932— Mr. Thomas Hill follows her.

OCT. 1932— Dr. Dorothea Witt comes to take over the Medical Work.

1932–1935— S. Mfuta is at Kimpese. Davidi Makopo from Vanga helps us in school.

SEPT. 12, 1933— Samuel Mpambu goes to be with the Lord.

1934— Timoteo Kinakiaku and Samuel Mbonani, of Banza Manteke arrive to help in the school.

JAN. 30, 1935— Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Moon come to stay at Moanza for awhile.

FEB. 1935— Mr. Moon and Mr. Brown drive the truck for the first time all the way to Moanza.

OCT. 1935— Alice Jorgenson replaces Dr. Witt who goes to Vanga.

MAY 1935— The Sodergrens sail for furlough taking back with them our first white baby, Wendell Sodergren, born April 1934.

1935— The Moons leave Moanza.

NOV. 1936— Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins arrive at Moanza to start the building program on the new site.

1937— Foundation of first new house laid on new mission site about 2 miles from smaller plateau.

APRIL 1937— Alice Jorgenson, our nurse, leaves for furlough.

MAY 1937— Mrs. Bubeck leaves with Naomi, born Jan. 13, 1937.

1939— Occupation of new site.

MAY 1939— Mr. Bubeck leaves for furlough.

1939— Mr. and Mrs. Martin Engwall with family arrive at Moanza to take over the Evangelistic work until furlough in 1940.

AUG. 1940—	Mr. and Mrs Baiotti from Balaka come to help in the work.
NOV. 1940—	Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Brown and Ruth Dickey arrive.
1940–1941—	Esther Ehnbom helps out with the Medical work.
1942—	Ruth Dickey goes to Vanga.
AUG. 1943—	Alice Jorgenson arrives to take over the Medical work.
	Zakalia Ntsa, Jesse Tabala and others from Vanga, and Isaki Magema from Sona Bata help in the school.
JAN. 1944—	Eva Shepard arrives to relieve Mrs. Brown in the school.
JAN. 1946—	The Browns leave Moanza for furlough.
APRIL 1946—	Mr. and Mrs. Bubeck return to Moanza.
JUNE 1947—	Alice Jorgenson leaves for furlough.
AUG. 1947—	Marguerite Eldredge transferred from Tondo to Moanza.
AUG. 1947—	Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Abbott with Denis and Roger come from Banza Manteke to Moanza.
OCT. 1947—	Eva Shepard leaves for furlough.
OCT. 1948—	Alice Jorgenson returns to Moanza to take over the Medical work again.
MAY 1949—	The Abbotts leave for furlough.
OCT. 1949—	Eva Shepard returns from the U.S.A. and course of study in Belgium.

THE LABYRINTH TO LEARNING AND LITERACY

SETTLED on a plain overlooking hills and valleys lies the typical village of Moanza and its larger parish. The wee thatched hut of one room houses parents and children, sometimes a few other relatives, a dog and possibly a few chickens. A mat on the beaten floor, a few pots, mortar and pestle, hoe and firewood are noted in the dim light from the one doorway. A fire cooks the food, provides warmth by day and by night, fanned into flame gives light, and allowed to smolder provides a smoke-repellent to mosquitoes and insects. Housekeeping is simple, the laundry problem non-existent, no windows to wash, no beds to make, no chairs to dust. An occasional sweeping inside the hut, and a hoeing away of weeds and sweeping of the yard give a semblance of tidiness. No little red schoolhouse or church spire ever broke the orderly array of little huts. For only 25 years ago none knew of the Christian God and the learning leading to literacy by knowledge of a written language and books.

Learning plus literacy has long been considered by Europeans essential to successful living. Learning, but minus literacy, has been the necessity to survival for most Africans. The classroom for the Congo boy and girl extending beyond the wee hut walls, was as broad as their tribal lands comprising plains, hills, valleys, woods and streams, and as high as the heavens. Carried on the mother's hip or perched on the father's shoulders, little African folk early learned the tribal habits regarding gardening, harvesting of food, gathering of firewood and water. Later trudging along the trail with burdens intended to strengthen their growing muscles, boys and girls would be taught the names of leaves, herbs, roots and barks suitable for food, medicine, or charms and fetishes. Eyes were taught to know the spoor of forest animals, the holes and habits of edible ants, crickets, caterpillars. Time was reckoned by the sun, weather and seasons by the sky-signs of cloud, moon and stars.

By trial and error methods, men and women discovered the types of trees suitable for building, and those better for firewood,

the reeds and vines good for weaving mats and baskets, the clays for fashioning pots. And all this practical knowledge for supplying life's meager necessities was but a part. The unwritten rules governing all of life from birth till after death were orally taught as elders and children gathered round the evening campfire. Deep lessons woven into interesting fable and folk-lore captivated the young listeners, enriching them with ideals of respect, humility, gratitude and courage, and developing a love for laughter and play, a kindliness and sincere courtesy, but impoverishing as it enchained them mentally by the heathen prejudices and taboos to a terrifying past, an insecure present and a future with foreboding and uncertainty.

Into communities like this walked one day a man with a bag of salt and a Bible. Samuel Mpambu had a song in his heart because he knew God, and a vibrant story on his lips because he was a chosen vessel to share his knowledge giving "light to them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death." Hardily Samuel lived and worked, unfolding the mysteries of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and creating a burning thirst after righteousness by opening the trail from the labyrinth of native learning to letters and literacy as taught by Protestant missionaries who had come from America, England and Sweden. Tracking the spoor through the forest often led to a fine kill and fresh meat for supper. But the queer black marks on white paper—b a, b e, b i, b o, b u, ...what could these possibly lead to ? Eyes keen to note the slightest movement of twig or leaf neath which hid some wee bird, focused with difficulty on the printed page. Lessons were written with finger or stick on the dirt path and practiced over and over until the bridge between spoken word and written thought was successfully spanned. In due time slates were carved from trees, and charcoal served as pencil. By the time Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Hill came to Moanza, Samuel Mpambu had many followers and eager pupils.

In 1924 Mr. Hill began to build the station of Moanza, while Mrs. Hill provided dispensary care for the sick and helped Samuel with the teaching of children and adults. A month before their furlough was due new appointees arrived, and Mrs. Wakeman

was zealous in further developing the program for school work, by now so well launched. In 1929 many were rejoicing in the ability to read the New Testament. Miss Agnes Anderson then came and the boarding school for girls grew, and ideals for Christian homes and the elevation of womanhood to a worthy status was started. The Bubecks too arrived. He was a great help in station school work with boys, and at the branchroad schools in other villages. Mrs. Bubeck started a kindergarten for wee tots, and with her love for music taught the natives to know and sing the great hymns of the church, adding great joy to their lives.

Samuel Mfuta had come to Moanza from Lower Congo as a personal boy to the Wakemans. Though his thoughts must have turned often to his family and friends, he sought to enter into the life of the people here and accept as His call from God service in this needy field. He married a girl from this tribe, though it meant great persecution for him and her by the heathen relatives who have never been reconciled to this Christian marriage. In 1932 Samuel and Malata were sent to the Bible training school at Kimpese. This broke a new road and linked backward Moanza with the best in advanced Christian training for men and women in this part of Congo. Other young folk followed during the succeeding years for study at Kimpese and medical training at Sona Bata.

The return of these trained men and women, and the arrival in Congo of more missionary teachers has made possible the more rapid development from a rural school type of teaching to the boarding schools for boys and girls with curriculum comparable to upper grade and junior high school standards which exist at Moanza today with a combined enrollment of about 200 pupils. Twelve regional schools and 174 village schools at present provide Christian nurture and training for 5396 boys and girls.

There have been many difficult turnings in the trails which now seem a highway trod by many pupils of all ages and from many tribes. At Moanza station the need for permanent classrooms to replace buildings of mud, wattle and thatch was met in part by the gift for the Orlinda Childs Pierce school and the timely presence of Mr. Atkins who built this in 1939. Most of the dor-

mitories for boys and girls and houses for monitors are still mud buildings needing constant repair, and a drawback to healthful living where so many sleep crowded in small spaces. Since the collapse of a hangar for cooking, the boys build fires under the sky and eat sitting on logs alongside. When it rains they must build fires under the eaves of the mud sleeping quarters, and eat sitting on the edge of their double-decker frame beds. Cook houses, and a dining hall which could be used by the 150 boys for eating, study and recreation room would be an admirable addition.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry Sodergren, Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown and Miss Ruth Dickey did much to advance the standard of educational work and to deepen the spiritual life of the boys. Periodically their burdens were augmented when the forces of nature combined to produce acute famine conditions. Swarms of locusts and then unseasonable rains destroyed all the crops. Part of the pupils had to be sent home and others endured great hardship. Classes with a monitor went weekly to far villages seeking food, as of old Joseph's family sought grain in Egypt. When the money ran out, they took beads, empty tins, bright bits of cloth and tried to barter for food, tramping through villages where death from starvation was rampant. Finally the weather conditions bettered and the government helped in supplying grain to plant once more, but the people were so weak from hunger plus malaria, intestinal parasites and other tropical ills, it was years before conditions really improved. Even today one of the great needs is an adequate supply of varied food to give physical strength. Sandy soil, tropical heat and undernourished bodies combine to retard the growth of our people.

A close-up view of the school for boys during any ordinary day would show them filing to prayers at 6 o' clock, and then at a period devoted to memorization of Scripture. Forty-five minutes are allowed for breakfast, and bathing at a stream in the valley, and then roll-call and entrance into the stall-like classrooms to pursue their studies. Part of the rooms have tables and benches, others desks. All arithmetic and some writing is done on slates, with an increasing use of note-books for other subjects as funds or White Cross gifts permit. How we covet the notebooks, pads,

pencils with erasers, penholders and centimeter-marked rulers ! Kikongo language is used for the study of the Bible, grammar, health, geography and composition. French is taught as a subject and increasingly used in teaching arithmetic. Each boy wears sandals which he has carved from a forest tree, and carries a reed basket in which to care for his slate and school books. Uniforms consist of a shirt and pair of short pants. Each afternoon from two till five o'clock and on Saturday morning the boys are engaged in manual work: planing boards, building, gardening, raffia weaving, and reed furniture making. Sundays they worship in the church, and in the afternoon at the hospital and in nearby villages they sing and teach God's Word that others may be won to Christ and the work of the village evangelists strengthened.

A far-view of those who have through the years gone out from Moanza schools would be a panorama of over 200 villages wherein Christ is now known and worshipped by some 6802 Christians of whom 1038 were baptized in 1949; chapels where many more daily meet for prayer; village schools with 5396 pupils at present enrolled; and a great community of Christian lay men and women who work at home, on plantations, in commercial companies as stewards of the great blessing of Christian learning and literacy made possible through the faithful support of Moanza work during the years by Christ's friends in America.

MARGUERITE ELDREDGE

"*.....UPON THIS ROCK WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH.*"

PERMIT me to pass over interpretation of this passage and illustrate instead how our Master-Builder has built His church in this remote clearing of the woods.

Dates and figures may be tiresome and may frequently mislead, but they do have value in substance and strength, perspective and direction, otherwise why the government census this year?

And an occasional look into the past renews our acquaintance with those who have laid foundations for us.

No, Samuel Mpambu was no Livingstone nor Judson, but when he came to Moanza in October 1913, he gave the Lord all that he had. Nor were the Hills who came in July 1924, as the first white missionaries to Moanza, nor the Wakemans who came in November of 1926 and stayed six months. But seed was being sown, witness was borne, kindness shown, the Word of Truth was held forth, a way was shown back to a loving and waiting Father God through the Lamb of God Who has taken away the sin of the world.

The writer and his wife arrived in 1929, five years after the Hills came as the first white missionaries. Since then there have been many changes, changes which are not always easy to evaluate. Some will be corrected with time, others are definitely here to stay. It would be impossible to imagine that the changing economy in the world, the social restlessness, national and racial consciousness of our time would not find its way to the Kwango in the heart of the Congo. It is only when it is not attended by an equal spiritual mindedness that we deeply regret its presence and fear the consequences.

The picture is one of constant changes, some gradual, some alarmingly sudden. New norms, new standards, new aspirations, new desires, new problems, new interests, new voices offering help and suggesting ways and means. The picture sometimes suggests growth with all of its desirable and undesirable elements, sometimes the opposite. The picture sometimes suggests advance, "advance through storm" with all of the struggle which it calls for. More often the picture is one of confusion, the only hopeful element of which is the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ which was brought here early by those already mentioned.

Before the coming of Hills when Samuel Mpambu was here alone, Dr. Leslie often made visits to the Moanza field. On February 15, 1920, he jubilantly reported "18 villages occupied; 400 children in village schools, and offerings up to 131.50 frs. for a period of 18 months." Until that time 19 believers had been baptised. Eight years later the "CONGO NEWS LETTER" was able

to report 47 villages occupied, 1798 children in village schools and contributions running as high as 1808 frs. Church membership by then had increased to 145 baptised believers. The next ten years saw more than 200 villages added with between nine and ten thousand attending village schools, 5197 church members and contributions amounting to nearly 10,000 frs.

The last report brought the number of baptised believers up to 9,550 who contributed in 1949 over 115,000 frs for church maintenance and over 15,000 frs for work among others. The work today is largely supervised by twelve pastors, seven of whom are graduates of our school at Kimpese. The missionary offerings, while not staggering, are nonetheless growing and represent a sustained interest in world need.

Someone is certain to question the Christian experience of those who have been accepted for baptism and wonder where are all those who have been admitted to church membership. We have, of course, often wondered ourselves, but we have never doubted the power of the Holy Spirit to regenerate even the lowest and we have gone foward with absolute unqualified confidence that He that hath begun a good work in them will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.

This year, however, after reading an article in the "WATCHMAN EXAMINER" I was led to make a check on those who had been accepted into the church by baptism since January 1946. I classified them as dead (physical), moved, active, and inactive. At the first church center at which I took the census 310 had been baptised, 27 had moved, 6 had died, 27 were inactive or were being disciplined for some misdemeanor, leaving 250 or 80% active and contributing members. Another church center where 329 had been baptised since 1946, 18 had moved, 3 had died, 42 were reported as inactive and 362 or 80% as active and contributing members. At another church where only 170 had been baptised, 10 had moved, none had died, 10 were reported as inactive, leaving 150, or 89% still active. At one small church center we found 100% or all of the 70 members recently baptised enthusiastically active. The averages were on a whole much better than I had expected, and were more of a check on our methods than on the newly baptised members.

Those who look for an instant display of complete sanctification had better stay home with those who do not believe in it at all. Nothing has impressed me like God's power to transform our savage Basukus into savage saints. It is a continuous process which begins with an act of faith when they commit themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ and is concluded when their bodies of humiliation are changed like unto His own glorious body "according to the power which is able to subdue all things unto Himself."

I have learned to be patient, a most trying course under a Master-Teacher of Whom it was said, "A bruised reed will he not break and the smoking flax will he not quench." It is unreasonable that we should exercise less love and grace and kindness toward others than we look for from Him—but oh how hard ! A month or six weeks ago we sat in a small house when one of our oldest teachers came in by the back door and fell on his knees before us and thanked us for the patience we have exercised toward him. "Three times," he went on to say, "you could have expelled me from the work and you would have been justified, but you were patient toward me. I thank you." We were moved to tears.

Of the thousands who have come forward and who have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ I have seen hundreds turn away again. Who is not acquainted with that pattern of human nature? That should neither surprise nor alarm us. Ah, but it is the return of the prodigal which brings joy and reassurance. Husks were never meant for him who knows a home. A far country can never satisfy one who knows of a waiting Father. A young woman comes to the house at the church center where we are staying and says, "I left my husband to live with another man. I wish to return to him and above all to fellowship with the Lord Jesus." At a church center under discipline because of the noise, a young man at the Sunday morning service stands up and says, "You are right, we have not come here in the right spirit. We deserve discipline and God willing, we shall return new next month with hearts which have been made ready by the Spirit of God." Others followed and a full hour is taken up with confession and prayer.

In a village where the work once prospered a young woman stood up and said, "We face you with shame. There is no longer

a church building here where we can worship. Christian worship is all but unknown and our children are growing up as heathen. We confess our sin and ask for forgiveness of Him against Whom we have sinned." Today there is again a large church building standing, and daily worship and school attendance has been re-established.

A young teacher's wife stands and apologizes for the quick impatient way in which she refused those who came to her home to ask for food and lodging during a church gathering. And so one could go on indefinitely, but to what profit ? Suffice it to say that He Whom the Father sent to convict as well as to comfort is at work among us. Clay is fickle, but sand when surrendered to the cementing power of His Spirit makes the kind of building material He likes to use in building His Church.

T. E. Bubeck

PRAISE for . . .

The new Chevrolet "carryall" given by the First Baptist church of Bloomfield, N. J.

Those who during the year have come to Christ, and others who have been restored to church fellowship as a result of the Crusade through Evangelism.

Real progress forward in developing our Bayaka field work.

Those valiant pioneers who laid foundations upon which we today build.

The spirit of unity which exists in our Congo Protestant work.

Those faithful friends and churches at home without whom this work would not be possible.

"I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE....."

We left her by the side of the road on a hot day under a flaming tropical sun. She seemed tired and worn and battered, almost as though she preferred to be left alone. There was a strange silence about her which was disconcerting enough as she stood there by the side of an old grave, an unhappy augury in itself.

There was nothing to indicate that her name had been "Amby," a name received from the service which she had rendered during the last war as army ambulance. It was, of course, not the only name she had. Like most of us she had a nickname, for many to whom she had ministered during the war still affectionately spoke of her as "meat-wagon," and more than one former G.I. in New York, including several police, had come up and with a warm smile had asked, "How's the meat wagon ?" Or, "How do you like the old meat wagon ?" Sometimes more informally they would shout from the sidewalks of New York, "Yea, meat wagon."

Wherever she went someone was ready to express his absolute confidence in her ability. On one such occasion I had been shopping at Westfield, New Jersey when a young man, quite evidently a former G.I. came up and with some feeling, almost with emotion said, "You've got a swell car if that meat wagon out there is yours." I mentioned that the car was mine and that we were just getting acquainted. Immediately he began to warm up and assure me that there is really very little that could not be expected of her. "Why I wouldn't give you a nickle for her if she wouldn't walk right up those Y.M.C.A. stairs and deposit herself in the lobby." I smiled at his complete confidence in her. "I'm not kidding" he said, "Just give me the key and I'll take her right into the lobby."

Some years later I thought of the young man when our local stateman said, "If all had cars like yours we wouldn't need to make roads out here for you can walk right up any hill here without a road with a car like that." I laughed at the time, but from the time and the attention which he gave to the roads around the mission station I am led to believe that he had as much confidence in "Amby" as our friend at Westfield.

We made our first acquaintance on September 26, 1945, when some trustees of the church of which I was pastor took me out to Camp Custer near Battle Creek, Michigan, to look for a car which might be suitable for the Congo. "Amby" immediately caught our eye, perhaps because she was already ravishing with romance. Africa? That is just the climate she had been made for. Mission work? She had been cut out for just that sort of ministry. A short proposal was followed by the usual long negotiations before the finances were finally settled and we could regard her as our own. The day we left camp one of the trustees who was with me suggested that we draw up to the side of the road and then and there dedicate the car to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. First he led and then I followed as in prayer we turned the car over to Him Who is able to use even the mechanical devices of our age to His honor and glory.

The very best of material and of experience had gone into Amby. She, the suave daughter of a civilized race, had been built for roads such as those she was about to meet, but she was not prepared for the savage stimulus of the jungle which was to strain her every mechanical nerve. Soon, after every trip, every screw would have to be checked and many replaced which would drop by the roadside. It was funny at first when African Natives would run up to us with, "Did you lose this? "but it soon ceased to be funny and became annoying. We often thought of what Mr. Albaugh said to the congregation at Albion (Michigan) the Sunday morning the car was officially presented: "I'm glad it's an ambulance, for they'll need at least an ambulance for those roads out there."

"Amby" often felt like Jacob of old when he said,"....all these things are against me." Her first blow came on the trip over the Atlantic when those who packed the cars into the hold of the ship overestimated her strength and put her at the very bottom. Even though beautifully packed by an expert packer in New York she sustained a fractured skull and several fractured ribs to say nothing of the terrific blow which it was to her pride. Even her speedometer stopped the moment she reached Congo.

Minor injuries were common such as broken springs which

we stopped counting after the fifteenth, generator trouble, broken fan belt (with no replacement available within a hundred miles) loose steering, blown gasket, etc. At one time "Amby" developed a shimmy which was hard to locate and even more difficult to correct. But the most serious injury was a burnt bearing in the motor resulting in a damaged crankshaft.

Wherever she went she was ever the center of attraction. Women loved to see themselves in the glass and in the mirrors. Men loved to feel her and never ceased to admire her strength.

Since she always gave the impression of being more powerful than she really was, there was always the danger of overloading her which, of course, she rightfully resented. She was built to carry four litters, or twelve passengers seated on two benches which she carried and which folded nicely against the sides when not in use. Our friends in the Congo could never understand why we did not fill her to capacity on every trip. And so to avoid misunderstanding we tore out the seats which weighed 150 pounds, thereby making the body load lighter.

Mention has been made that "Amby" had been built and called into medical service, but like every good missionary she never refused help of any kind wherever needed. She frequently carried sick to the mission hospital. She was often loaded with Bibles and hymnbooks. On more than one occasion she pulled a wayfarer out of the ditch. There is no question, however, that her record would reveal that her major task through the four and a half years of her fruitful ministry was that of taking the evangelistic missionary around the field. In one of her pockets she carried Bibles and hymnbooks and in another a first aid kit with dental pliers and a few simple medicines and instruments.

It is fitting that on her last trip on which she received her mortal wound, she was helping another car in bad need of mechanical care. She offered to tow the damaged car to the nearest mechanic, but the pull up one of our hills proved too great and something gave way. Her future much like her past lies in the unknown, but should this prove to have been her last opportunity to minister, her last chance to help another, the last hill to climb, the last burden to help bear, then she can proudly say with another ". . . . .

I have finished my course." The future may hold for her an even larger ministry, who can tell, but if not she will always be remembered as one who always stood ready to help others.

T. E. BUBECK

WOMEN'S WORK GOES ON.

THERE are of course, the more frequented paths of the Congo, but there are also the smaller bypaths often overlooked, which many of our women tread to get to their gardens and streams.

Every morning, especially around planting and harvesting time, one can see the women of Moanza, like all women of Congo, going to their work. Over their shoulders are strapped cone-shaped baskets, usually containing a water bottle made of clay, a hoe and perhaps a few peanuts, a plantain or banana for a snack. Each afternoon toward evening one can see them returning, weary from their day's labor. The water bottle in their baskets has been filled, and with it they bring home some sticks to start the fire for the evening meal. It is sweet to see a small daughter with a miniature basket on her back, following her mother to the gardens and later returning also carrying a small bundle of sticks. Training begins young in Congo.

In the early days Mama Lena Basebisa, the wife of Samuel Mpambu, did what she could for the women of Moanza. As a Congo woman she had her limitations. As a mother of a big family she again had her limitations but there are children today of mothers whom Mama Lena led to Christ in those early days and who stood out like jewels in a dark setting. It was not until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hill in 1924 that the women as a whole really received much attention. It was in April of 1925 that Mrs. Hill wrote the following:–"Of course we are only at the beginning of things here, but I have been encouraged by the response of the women. Twenty are church members, and there are about twice that number who want to be guided into the Way of Life."

Three years later Mrs. Wakeman wrote:—"Each Sunday afternoon a group goes to a nearby village and has prayers with the women and children. The men and boys are not so hard to get to come to the station for Sunday services, but were it not for these visits many of the women would not hear the Gospel at all. As our acquaintance grows we are finding that there are some strong noble Christian women among the members of the Moanza church."

Perhaps because of the early seed-sowing, Mr. Sodergren was able to write in 1935: "There is a marked increase of interest among the older people. Never before have so many old women been baptized—At one matonda (gathering) the wife of a Christian chief was baptized thus making the first 'royal Christian couple.'"

In general there have been more men baptized than women but today of a total church membership of 6802, 3869 are women. In general they seem to be more earnest and stable in their Christian experiences. Recently when the men of a certain church were uninterested in repairing their church building, the women went to the fields and forests for grass, sticks and even long poles so that repairs could be started.

Perhaps we might say it was not until 1944 that the women of Moanza really took complete charge of "The World Day of Prayer". Each year since then, they have led our thoughts thruout the meeting. Naomi Lumengu, the wife of our present pastor and Malata Ntsungi, the wife of our head teacher, Samuel Mfuta, have been the most faithful and competent. Both have been to Kimpese with their husbands.

Speaking of Kimpese, we must not overlook three younger women, perhaps less educated and perhaps less experienced, but certainly capable pastors' wives. One of these, Luti (Ruth) Musanda at Bukanga, is matron to about thirty girls, stressing Bible memory work, singing, gardening and sewing. Henrietta Lau, another of these, is a happy mother and companion to about thirty-five lively girls. Each day "Mama Lau" at Masangata, teaches in school, plays, goes to the gardens and stream with them, and leads them on to a fuller life in the Lord Jesus Christ. A third to men-

tion is Malia Mukama, at Kipata Katika, with five children of her own, but every afternoon finds her in school teaching the girls, not only the three R's but the Gospel. Many of them find Christ as the WAY and confess Christ as their Lord and Saviour.

The Conference on Work Among Women and Girls in August 1944 concluded, "that the women of Congo are behind in the work of God just as they follow their husbands on the trail. The time has come for them to walk together on the trail and in the work of God." One might say this is true of the Moanza women for they are walking more and more with their husbands, together serving the Lord.

One afternoon a week the women on the station gather for their prayer service. Their leader, Lebika Tehu, the wife of a former teacher, is also a member of the station native council. Besides the leader there are two deaconesses who visit the sick in the hospital and help those in need. One of the group or the white missionary leads the devotional period and there are happy times together as they pray for the women in the district.

Following this period they sew for the rest of the afternoon. Last year each one made a quilt of the patchwork blocks which came with the White Cross supplies. For the back a plain piece of muslin was sewed. Other articles such as sun-suits, small dresses, women's blouses, tablecloths, and curtains have been made from remnants and muslin pieces from the White Cross.

Many times one marvels as one looks at the gnarled fingers which have done so much hoeing and gardening and which produce small stitches resembling machine work. It is to these women to whom we look for our second generation Christians as they establish Christian homes.

MATILDA L. BUBECK

MARTHA OF MOANZA

NZAMBI MPUNGU ! (Almighty God). This was the favorite oath of a small child whose elders knew only heathen gods. They wondered at Ntsungi's insistence upon worshipping "Almighty God."

It was the village teacher, Tata (father) Petelo Kilenda who was responsible. It was he who had taught Ntsungi to read as well as to worship. Her elders did not object to the new learning until one day when she refused to marry the man of their choice, an old heathen man and polygamist from a nearby village.

During the day her hands were tied and her feet put in stocks and she was left in the sun to reconsider. When she continued to refuse they led her part way to the man's village where they left her, telling her the evil spirits or goblins would get her if she did not go on. Her hands were securely tied and altho she tried to bite the cord it was of no avail. Every time the relatives came to see if they had made any progress with her, they would lead her on a little farther and then go off to leave her by herself. After a number of unsuccessful attempts of this kind, they carried her to the village where after three days she became very ill. When recovered she ran away across the Inzia River where Catholic relatives tried to marry her off to another man. Later she returned to her own village where she found Christ.

Ntsungi at baptism took the name Martha or "Malata" and came to Moanza with three other girls who were similarly mistreated, but who soon left her because of the persecution on the part of their relatives. That left Malata alone on the mission station under the friendly care and protection of Mrs. Thomas Hill, our first white missionary to Moanza.

Each week Malata would go home for food but her indignant relatives would throw the basket of madioca out of her hands and make her go back to the station empty handed to see much hunger.

Gradually the WORD spread in her village and many were born again. Malata frequently returned and found much joy in seeing that her relatives no longer troubled her but received her lovingly.

In December of 1928 she married Samuel Mfuta, our head teacher, from Lower Congo. In 1932 she went to Kimpese with him to receive further training. All of their seven children, with the exception of the youngest, are attending school.

Even in the difficult days of illness, Malata has found her God ALMIGHTY to help and keep her. She delights in witnessing to Him among the women on the station.

M. L. BUBECK

A ROADWAY FOR OUR MOANZA GIRLS

"COMING, coming, yes they are." More and more girls longing to follow this pathway. Oh that we could accept all of them. Basuku girls coming from the south. Those from Kingungu walking sixty-six miles. The Bambala girls coming from villages 50 miles away. They all come walking, using the little sandy pathways over hills and down into deep valleys; carrying their required possessions in a basket on their heads : a cooking pot, a hoe (short handled), eight pounds of manioc, plus whatever food they wish to eat along the way, such as dried caterpillars, hot peppers, peanuts, etc.

Ngiengo and Muhiuka came from the southern part of our field. They were the first girls from their village to dare to try this new way. Their eyes were so big and they were so thrilled and excited as they came to register. I recalled registering at college when I was a freshman and how excited I had been. As I accepted their tuition they gave me an extra ten cents to keep for them. With such simple joy and spontaneity they told me that that was to be used for their church gifts. They had been baptized just in December and they couldn't miss having an offering to give to show that they loved their Master.

In January 42 girls returned to continue their studies, fifteen new ones enrolled to begin this road to a deeper and fuller Christian life. Our four dormitory rooms are full to overflowing. Someday when we have a builder, we shall have more rooms and thus

shall be able to receive more girls. In spite of almost continuous lack of sufficient food, lack of missionaries, and some opposition by parents, by God's grace there has gone forth a brave little band of consecrated girls who have continued following the WAY. Some of their children are here in school today. Some have been able to go to Kimpese or Sona Bata with their husbands and have received more training. They are now co-workers with their husbands in church centers in the district, serving their own people and pointing them to Christ. Others are with their husbands here on the station and are teaching in our girls' school. Each of these witness to their faith in Christ and His power in their lives, simply by their home life and the way they mother their children. An example is so much better than any teaching. The house mother for our girls is a loving mother to her own children and also to these children loaned to her for a few months or years.

One mother has been coming for over ten years to teach in the girls' school. She is greatly talented in the art of working with clay. She can fashion almost anything that she wishes to make. She rolls the clay on her leg or a small piece of board. She uses no table or potter's wheel. These days she is a busy woman for her husband has been ill for months. He even has his coffin made but he lingers on suffering continually. Therefore she is having to build her own home, for her one son is too lazy to help her. When she comes to the station it means a long hard climb back up a steep hill to her home. With all these available excuses she has agreed to come three days a week and teach some of my girls this art. She said, "Why of course I will teach the girls and gladly. For years I have taught other girls and now they are in many different villages, but they still use the wisdom that I taught them. I want to help these girls too." She really has consecrated her talent, for Congo custom decrees that you must keep your special wisdom just for yourself or for one member of your family. Just like this teacher, each girl has a talent or talents that the Lord has given to her. Through the years, each woman that has been here as missionary has been happy to help develop these talents and to lead the girls to consecrate them to our Master. The Lord has blessed their work abundantly.

Every girl has the gift of "Love for children." What a privilege to develop that love and use it to lead these little ones to a faith in Christ while young. We have a group of nursery tots that come to school four days a week. They meet under one of our large mango trees. Two of the girls stay with them, teaching new songs and new games. During the afternoon they have their little prayer time. One day I saw three mothers stop at a little distance from the group and watch with interest while a little boy Peter, five years old, stood up and prayed. As they talked with me later they were so surprised that a little child could pray. Another day I saw from a distance one of the older lads fighting with a smaller child, the younger fighting with all the pep that he had left. I went quickly thinking that I would have to settle with the parents if anything happened. When I arrived my girls had the fight settled. The big lad was sitting by himself off to one side, the others playing happily as if nothing had happened. I just wish that you could see their smiling brown faces, hair in a GI hair cut; dressed in an assortment of white-cross garments or a little piece of cloth. It is hard for them to keep clean, the floor of their house is mud, there is sand all around the house and in the paths, so it is just a continuous task of scrubbing clothes and bodies and the water is always so far away.

The girls also have the proverbial "Gift of Gab." To teach them to use that gift in telling Bible stories to the hospital folk or to their classes seems to require patience, courage and plenty of perseverance. Some of you folk at home will understand. In simple language they have bad cases of stage fright. Flannel-graph board and other pictures seem to help overcome it.

One other talent that is often hidden is that of cooking. They have so little food and so few pots that the majority only cook as a means of keeping alive and they only cook the four or five foods that their mothers taught them to cook. Last week one class in cooking refused to cook black-eyed peas. They had never eaten them, they were like stones, and they never wanted to eat them. I overlooked their refusal for that day. The next day another class cooked the peas. They really were "yummy." We had put in peanut butter, salt and palm oil. When finished we divided with

all the girls. Those who refused the day before had only a sample. They, even though stubborn, admitted that they were good and when my back was turned tried to take from others who had received larger portions.

So the seed that Mama Hill started to plant is continuing to be planted. Yes, sometimes with our human eyes we think that it has fallen on pretty poor ground and then because it has had so little nourishment it seems to have shrivelled to nothing. God has promised that His word shall not return unto Him void. So even for those I am sure that the Lord will bless His word. The others of course give us great joy as we see them growing and growing in their love and consecration to our Saviour. Isn't the Lord good that He lets us see even a bit of what He is able to do through our service? Our service means that of all the Baptists. Even though we missionaries are right here to see it with our eyes yet it is your service too for your gifts of money, of White Cross, of your time to interest others in missions, and most of all by your prayers, you have each had a share. We thank the Lord for those at home who have made it possible to bring the message of hope and salvation to our Moanza folk.

EVA M. SHEPARD

PRAY for . . .

The Crusade for Christ through Stewardship being launched in Congo chuches this year.

A Doctor to care for the Medical work at Moanza.

A Couple to take over the school work and share in the evengelistic work, at Moanza.

Baptized Believers who have lost their first love for Christ.

An infilling of the Holy Spirit for your missionaries and the leaders of the Congo church.

The Kwango Bible School and every means used to provide more and better trained village teachers, pastors and evangelists.

THE BEATEN TRACK TO THE BACK DOOR

TRODDEN by a great variety of folk and for innumerable reasons, it's the trail which tends to influence the most people and reveals the barometer of missionary dispositions in Congo.

The door-step goal is reached. A general survey is made of the situation to decide on the best approach in selling produce or seeking a favor. Time is gained by looking as far into the house as is possible to see the things the missionary possesses, to count the houseboys and decide what each one is doing, and maybe covet the chance to be in their place. Interesting to see the pots on the stove and try to decide just what may be cooking. And the longer one stands on the porch under the hanging bunch of bananas, the more one hopes that maybe—just maybe the missionary will dole out two or three or even just one.

It is time to knock, but that is hard on the hand, besides the hands are maybe full. Much better to cough. The throat is cleared a couple of times. No one pays any attention. A suppressed cough is followed by more violent attempts until a real paroxysm either brings a Native houseboy on the run, or a shouted missionary query "Who in the world has that dreadful cough !"

The native always answers "mono" (it is "I" at your door). A repeated query from the inside brings a more emphatic "mono" from the doorstep, and more often than not, the real identity of the person is not ascertained till one gets up and goes out to see who "I" is, though it is also true that coughs become personalized and full identity may be known by the manner of coughing. And often the biggest coughs come from the wee-est throats.

"Teacher, here is a gift of peanuts. No, I do not want a gift in return. This is just for you, please. God has given me a good harvest, and I am happy, so please share with me in my joy, " says the Christian woman going home from a long day in the field harvesting her crop.

"I want some beads, please," indicate the two school girls as they thrust 4 wild pineapples into the houseboy's hands, and

so he gives to each a thimbleful of tiny beads which the girls will thread and wear in their ears or on their wrists, or send to a relative.

"It's an egg, teacher, and it is good. The hen laid it." Well the cook scrutinizes it, holds it up toward the sun with one eye closed, then tries it in a pan of water. Still a bit doubtful, or maybe to impress the little merchant with the intricacies of buying eggs, the cook then shakes the egg violently near his right ear, and hoping that it really is a good egg, he pays the fifty centimes or two safety-pins wanted by five-year old orphan Pierre.

"Teacher, we want to work for mirrors," volunteer six school girls each with a basket on her head and carrying a hoe in her hand. Dirt is needed to make the mud walls of a house, so each two girls will fill a 200 liter gasoline barrel with clay soil from a hole down in the valley back of the house. Their stint done, they line up and triumpantly receive wee pocket mirrors, and then gazing admiringly at themselves, walk away from the back door and on to the dormitory, allowing their feet to take them over familiar paths while they continue grimacing to see what the mirrors will portray to them.

"We have finished our work, please give us our patches !" The lawn is inspected, grass has been pulled, the path hoed and raked. Patch-work squares or pieces of bandage are given. The color may be disputed, the number of bits may not be considered adequate compensation. Adjustments are made, but with grumbling discontent, the grass-pullers go away; and feeling somewhat frustrated, the missionary goes in to supper. One remembers last year when a lad worked to get patch-pieces for pockets for his pants. The teacher feeling generously-minded gave extra sized pieces. The next day the boy returned asking for two buttons "because my new pockets are so big they flop open and things fall out."

And there was the other lad who wanted a piece of material to mend an old shirt. A little later he came back to get another bigger patch to add to the first one so as to make a NEW shirt, as he had decided that would be better than bothering to patch the old one !

Sunday it's a crowd of wee folk swinging up the path and

onto the beaten track to the back door. They gleefully look at the picture books and scrapbooks at the married missionaries' home. Then they scamper for another treat across the way at the home for single girls. And a few find the trail to the third residence for a look at more "bizizi" or pictures. And if they can hear the victrola their joy knows no bounds.

"Courrier, Courrier !" one of the gladdest sounds to missionary ears from a down to earth standpoint. And when the two porters from their round trip of 180 miles to the postoffice at Masi Manimba stalk in with a nice bulging bag of mail from Congo friends and homefolk overseas, well, it is a gala-time, one of deep thanksgiving.

The end of the month brings a varying length line to the door, each man or woman in mission employ carrying his or her pay book, and all seeking the compensation, their due for walking and working through another 30 days of service for the mission. Some feel cheated, some inadequately compensated, and some accept what has been decided as their due, and say, "thank you very much" and with a smile that uplifts walk cheerfully away.

"Good evening teacher, I just came to see you, for a talk, for a wee prayer. No, no palaver." And so we talk about the work, about the Lord, and His hopes and aims for His people, we chat about our families, former missionaries, and finally tie all up in a bundle of prayer, asking God's blessing and presence with each, and for the the vast number of unsaved all about us.

Yes, the beaten track to the back door enriches or impoverishes those who stand without and those who live within, it affords an opportunity for hearts to be knit in the bond of Christian sympathy and fellowship; it should be a track ending at the portal of a Christ-centered home with actions and influences worthy the threshold of our heavenly home.

MARGUERITE ELDREDGE

ROADS TO HEALING

WHEN we go back to the beginning of Moanza it is not very far away. We often feel discouraged, but visible results do not always tell the story. God requires of His servants that they go forth faithfully bearing precious seed and He will add the blessing that will bring that seed to fruition. In the beginning, which was 1913, Tata Moody and several others including Dr. Nauss came up from the Lower Congo, walking all the way. There was no kipoyo service, no car nor plane. They walked. Now planes fly overhead, and recently a plane dropped a letter to us. Samuel Mpambu, a faithful Christian from Banza Manteke, came up and joined the missionaries here and he was left to carry on the work begun by them.

The doctor's skill opened a new road into the thinking of the people who knew only the witch doctor's claims, but who scarcely ever found relief from their suffering. But many roads were opened. There was the road of salvation from sin; the road to the knowledge of the Word of God. Hitherto the only knowledge they had was that passed down by word of mouth. But "word of mouth" can become badly twisted as it is passed from one to the other. Sin had made its inroads into the thinking of this people for centuries and had left them without knowledge of the true Way, and without Hope and Faith in God. Theirs was a twisted faith, such a maze of superstition and fear as can hardly be described. Satan was here as everywhere following up his first lie, "Ye shall not surely die." Our Congo people try by fetishism to keep back misfortune, sickness and death, believing that there is no natural cause for these events. A malevolent spirit world keeps them in constant dread of what might befall them. Trees, stones and all inanimate objects have spirits. These may bring harm, their own departed dead may cause trouble if they are not well treated, or someone in their midst may become possessed of an evil spirit and bewitch someone else. Therefore fetishism in its rankest form thrives, being the only working weapon they have to offset this evil spirit world that surrounds them and which brings constant suffering to them. Because of these beliefs there

was no reason to keep clean or to build good houses or to keep down the insects. Insects increased because of uncleanliness and disease was prevalent. Yes, they had tried all the inroads and they lead to confusion. Time went on and it was late when the missionaries of the Cross came to bring healing to this "open sore of Africa." Now they were to hear the Word of God which alone tells of the Way of Salvation. . . . the only way out, the way of healing for the sin-sick soul.

On that first visit Tata Moody stayed three months and before he left he was able to baptize the first small group of believers. While he was with them he not only preached but taught, and after he left, Samuel Mpambu continued to teach until the new Christians could read the Word of God. Mpambu continued his missionary witness among the Moanza people until the end of his days in 1933. For more than ten years he worked alone, with yearly visits from Dr. Leslie of Vanga. During his visits the doctor would try to help those who were sick and after a time he gained the confidence of a few and soon others came seeking help from Nganga Buka, "doctor who heals."

It was not until 1924 when Tata and Mama Hill came that Moanza had missionaries of its own. Bantu ba Nzambi (people of God) had come to stay. Soon after they arrived, Mama Hill began to give out simple remedies from the veranda of the small mud house in which they lived. At first only those who were connected with the mission, as workers and school-children, would come. Others held back in fear. They were all too familiar with the potency of medicines used by their witch doctors. These that the White Mama used must be proven before they could be trusted. But "mbasi a zulu" (angel from heaven) as Mama Hill was often called, worked with love and understanding of the deepest needs of the people, always teaching them about God and winning them with kindness. Soon a path was worn down the hillside from Mubemba, as people came to get help for fevers and ulcers and many other ailments. Then this path began to branch out into the nearby villages and the numbers grew. The "angel" on the veranda was kept busy giving out medicines and binding up sores. The remedies given by the witch doctor often made the patient worse and some-

times even killed him (but never let it be admitted, since there were any number of spirits or old witches that could be blamed). The medicines given by the missionaries really worked, but even so they dared not visit the veranda without first going to the "medicine man," for their fear of him was great. While Mama Hill worked she talked to them about their sin, and their need of a Saviour. She read to them the Word of God, spoke to them of the Great Physician, many believed and went away with peace and joy filling their hearts. It was a new experience to have joy and peace in the heart as well as to have the painful ulcers bound up with healing medicine, whereas before they had known so much of physical suffering and always the terrible gnawing fear that had filled their whole beings for as long as they could remember.

One day in 1929 a boat came up the little Inzia river and new missionaries arrived. They were Rev. and Mrs. Bubeck and Miss Agnes Anderson. Miss Anderson was a nurse and soon a dispensary was built where the sick could come for treatment. Wards were put up and those who were too sick to go to the dispensary received hospital care. With the daily ministration of medicines, the Word of Life with its spiritual healing was not forgotten. Women came for help in time of confinement, but these were few, being mainly the wives of pastors and teachers. But as time went on others came instead of going to the village midwives, whose cruel treatment often left the mothers' arms without a babe, and sometimes the mother also lost her life. Step by step medical help was coming to these needy, suffering people and the paths became well trodden that lead to the healing ministry of the missionary nurse.

Then came a day in 1932, when the folk from all the villages surrounding Moanza came running down all the paths, to see the new missionary, who was also a doctor. The tiny mud dispensary became a place of wonder as the doctor announced that not only would she treat sick folk with medicines, but that she would operate. But how operate with a grass roof overhead and dust filtering down upon the patient? Hastily slats were put up and the doctor stretched unbleached muslin overhead to make a ceiling. A cement floor was put down in the little room that was to serve for an operating room. There was great excitement the day the first opera-

tion was scheduled. The relatives of the man had met; the great and serious undertaking had been discussed and the decision made, but when the patient was put on the operating table he jumped off and ran away. It was months before he had the courage to come back. By that time others had gone through this new and unheard of experience and had come back alive and well. It was not so hard for others to follow after the first step of faith had been taken. After a time people lost their fear and an operation came to be greatly desired, even by those who did not need one.

The skill of the missionary doctor became common knowledge, but the people did not cease to marvel at things that seemed like miracles to them. More and more the women would entrust themselves to the doctor's care, and they were amply rewarded, for when they returned to their villages they proudly carried in their arms chubby, healthy babies. But there was much opposition; old grannies of both sexes fought hard to keep their people in the old road, which lead to the witch doctor's hut. The missionary doctor said that disease is caused by tiny living beings, called microbes; the people in the villages believed that sickness comes through a spell being cast on the victim by a witch. Only those who became Christians had the courage to give up their belief in witchcraft and to forsake their fetishes. These were all too often persecuted. The doctor's teaching about microbes took effect in many a young mind, and when she taught them to wear shoes to avoid hookworm, as well as "micklobes," wooden clogs became the fashion. Soon the road to the Mission hospital was trodden by many wearing shoes. After three years the doctor was asked to take over a bigger medical work, and since then Moanza has had only periodic visits from the doctor at Vanga, and the medical work has been cared for by a missionary nurse.

Today we have a well-established medical work, with a very fine little stone and brick hospital. Only three of the wards however are built of these materials and the rest made of mud with grass roofs. Many of those who come for medical help are Christians owing to the faithful witnessing of those early followers of Christ, and others who have followed in their train. But the power of the witch doctor is still felt and all too many are still enslaved

in the chains of sin.

The doctor's visits are busy times. In the villages the people have been waiting for the letter saying that he is expected; many have been in the the hospital several times to ask if he is not coming soon. Sometimes they hear a car pass on the auto road and they think it must surely be the doctor from Vanga. When he does come all want to feel his magic touch, even though their malady may not call for surgical treatment. Last year we had only two visits from the Vanga doctor, but more than a hundred operations were performed, beside the many minor ones that must be done without a doctor's help. The Vanga doctor has four stations under his care at the present time, and Vanga alone is sufficient for one doctor. Moanza stands in great need of a doctor who has felt the call of God, to come here and work among the needy ones in this part of His vineyard, for "I was sick and ye visited me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And let us remember those who were not visited when they were sick and in prison, and the sad doom that came to those who might have had the great privilege of going to them.

From the beginning Moanza has had White Cross supplies to work with; from the time the "angel" on the veranda began to bind up the first sores and ulcers, down to the present time, these supplies have been heaven-sent. We have often lifted prayers of gratitude to our Heavenly Father, but we would not forget those who have given in such a bountiful way, in order that our Moanza people might not lack the care and comfort they need.

We cannot forget One who walked in Judea and in Galilee, whose touch healed the spirit as well as the body. He must always be made known, that those who walk the roads to Moanza hospital, may walk with gladness knowing that before them lies help and healing for body and soul for all who will receive.

ALICE O. JORGENSON

HOSPITAL HAPPENINGS

THE Moanza maternity work has continued to grow. One year there were 293 cases with the death of only one mother. Other years we have had fewer cases owing in part to the large plantations the women are obliged to plant and care for. They feel that they cannot spare the time away from their work. Two baby clinics and a prenatal clinic give weekly care to hundreds of mothers and babies.

A few years ago the chief of a nearby village had cataracts on both eyes, and when the doctor came he promised to remove one of these on his next visit. But before the doctor returned, the chief had gone to the witch doctor, and this wicked man had "operated " by scraping both eyes with a stick sharpened like a scalpel. The mission doctor could do nothing for him, and old chief Subu goes about with a little boy to lead him. A good many of the non-Christians who come to us have been to visit this evil sorcerer before they come, thus lessening their chances for recovery. A few months ago two small children were brought in with broken legs, just a few days apart. One, a teacher's child, was carried in immediately and the leg was set, and in a few weeks she was walking on a leg as straight as the other. The other child was kept in his village for several days, to get help we suspect from the "medicine man". When he was brought in the leg was so badly swollen it was difficult to set it and the result was not too good.

Just now we are in the midst of an epidemic of grippe and pneumonia. In many villages most of the people are sick, most of them unable to get to the hospital. I have sent out an infirmier with medicines to some of the villages. At Kinongi a whole family was laid low. The mother took her three children and came with great difficulty to the hospital. The husband and the grandmother were too sick to venture out, and the grandmother died. The mother and all three children had pneumonia, but with care have improved and are almost well now.

A man and his wife had brought their sick child for treatment. The child being better, they started on the way home. Before they had gone very far the man became very ill and had to come back; the mother went on with the child. We found that the man

had double pneumonia and was desperately ill. He begged us to send him back to his village where he could have native medicine and blood-letting to rid his body of the evil spirits that had taken possession of it and were causing the terrific burning and pain. We assured him that we could not do that, but we would care for him and give him the best medicines and care at our disposal. He called for food and ate greedily as if starved. Then I talked to him about God and counselled him to trust Him. As we prayed he repeated the words as eagerly as he had eaten the food. How I hope that he may have trusted God for salvation. We did all we could for him, but after a couple of days he died. A group of his relatives had come and wanted to take him to the village the day before he died, but he was too sick to be moved. However that would not have stopped them, since they would rather have a person die on his way to the village, than in the hospital. The spirits they fear would then understand that an attempt had been made to get him back to the ancestral home.

The time of sickness and death is the time of severest testing for our Congo Christians. Many a living testimony has been given when life was departing or when a loved one had been taken away. When Muhioki was dying she was radiantly happy. Her body had always been frail and her life had been very hard. When I'd ask her how she felt, she'd say, "I'm all right Mama. Do not worry over me. I love the Lord, and all will be well." Makambu is one of our old, trusted nurses. A few years ago he lost his first wife and then his lovely eight year old daughter fell ill. The clan decreed that she should be taken to the village where the "doctor" could try to find this witch that was bringing so much sorrow to the family. He was firm in his refusal and kept his little girl at the hospital, where in spite of all the care given, she went to be with the Lord. After her death Makambu did not weep as those who have no hope, but he gave his testimony at the funeral of the great hope he had, that he would meet her as well as his wife again. What greater joy can we ask then that we can be among those who bring hope and joy and peace to troubled hearts in this far-away corner of God's vineyard.

ALICE O. JORGENSON

MRS. SEYMOUR E. MOON

ON March 3, 1950 in the quiet of her small apartment for retired missionaries, in Atherton Court, Alhambra, California, the home call came to Mrs. S. E. Moon, beloved missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

Mrs. Moon came to Congo with her husband in September of 1904. Together they gave thirty-three years to the cause of Christ in Congo. Their first term was spent at Banza Manteke, but from 1909 to 1931 they gave of themselves unstintingly to the work of training pastors and teachers at Kimpese.

One remembers "Mama" Moon's home as always being surrounded by her Congo "children." Her sweet smile, and her aptitude to see the humorous side of things drew to her the native children as well as the grown-ups. Back of her joy was her devoted Christian spirit that grew sweeter with the years.

After reaching the age when others would say that their task should be of a quieter nature, "Mama" Moon with her husband set out in 1932 on a long trek going from station to station visiting the outposts and schools, introducing newer methods in teaching, helping to improve the work of the village in general, and seeking to change lives through the love of God. In a letter written while on trek they say—"sharing our cradles and our crosses, manifesting in every human relationship the Divine, eternal love which has been drawing and still draws with tremendous power all men everywhere in the world to the Divine Son and His eternal kingdom."—"All disappointments are small and temporal compared to the great advance the Gospel story itself has made."

Rev. and Mrs. Moon left the Congo for the last time in May, 1937. Mr. Moon did not live long after leaving the work he loved so dearly. He was called home in September 1940.

Mrs. Moon was born in Wakonda, So. Dakota, January 9, 1873. She leaves three children, Ellsworth, Maria, and Franklin and also several grandchildren who will miss the sweet quiet Christian influence of a lovely mother and grandmother. May God comfort them in their great loss.

In Congo a host of Congolese friends and colleagues of our mission and sister missions remember with joy the Christian fellowship of the Moon home.

L. WATKINS

BELGIAN CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY
with P. O. addresses*

BANZA MANTEKE
via Matadi
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom, R.N.
Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. Philip Uhlinger

BOKO
via Popokabaka et Inkisi
Rev. Phyllis Benner
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Robbins

KIKONGO sur Wamba
via Banningville
Miss Agnes Anderson, R.N.
Rev. E. and G. Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith

E.P.I. KIMPESE
via Matadi
Rev. H. D. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Hall

LEOPOLDVILLE II
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. Edwin Boone
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Watkins

MOANZA sur Inzia,
via Masi-Manimba
Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Bubeck
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Miss Alice Jorgenson, R.N.
Mss Eva Shepard

SONA BATA
via Matadi
Drs. Philip and Jean Austin
Miss Helen Gaskill
Miss Jean Luckey
Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Metzger
Miss Emily Satterberg, R.N.
Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Price (BMS)

VANGA sur Kwilu
Rev. and Mrs. L. Gittings
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Osterholm
Miss Dorothy Wiseman, R.N.
Miss Doris Wiseman

LECO CONGO BOOK SHOP
B. P. 123 Léo-Est
Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Abbott
Miss Gertrude Anderson
Mrs. H. D. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Jump
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

STUDY IN BELGIUM

Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. Donald Niles
Miss Annis Ford

UNDER APPOINTMENT

Dr. Carrie Sprague
Dr. and Mrs. John W. Walker

** Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*